by Jink's fifteen bullets!"
"There can be no manner of doubt in life," began the New Yorker, "that this Jink McAtee was a—"
"That's the best gamble you ever made. He was, "cut in the big man from the Southwest. "And he had "cm all skinned to a forestle down our way when it cause to

west. And he had em an same to frazzle down our way when it came to string shooting too. Never heard of string shooting? Huh! That's odd! We all take shooting? Huh! are in our lives, but it's

the achievement. You see, it was no slot of a job to seize upon just precisely millionth fraction of an instant while

so, becoming more proficient with 'emevery day. The stunt that he particularly devoted himself to was that of whirling around on his toes so fast that he looked like a huge top. He got so's he could whirl around this way for almost any length of time.

"When he got it down as fine as this he

something like 250 revolutions at the ute. Jink continued blazing away at the targets that he couldn't see but could only sense, until he'd exhausted the cartridges sense, until he'd exhausted the cartridges.

in every one of his six guns, and then he slackened down on his skates and came to

"He was a bit dizzy after this extraor

dinary achievement in roller shooting, but that was his first trial at it. In time

but that was his interest to be became so scientific in roller shooting that he could plug dimes thrown in the air while he was whirling around on the

air while he was whirling around on the toes of his skates faster'n any flywheel."

"Did he ever—"
"Yep, frequently. That was one of the easiest of Jink's tricks. And his quickness of eye was amazin' all along the line. He often shot a lightning bug at a distance of 150 feet while the bug was still in the act of performing its illuminating stunt. How'd we know that he actually shot the lightning bugs? Why, because Jink made it a practice to just shoot their heads off, and we'd see the remaining portions of the bug drop to the ground, still sheddin' its light although deceptitated—too much surprised,

to the ground, still sheddin' its light although decepitated—too much surprised,
Is'pose, to stop flickering so suddenly.
"Another of Jink's hard ones was his
bullet-chasing trick. He was the only man
ever known to pull off that trick. He'd put
two cartridges in his gun. One of them
would only contain half the amount of powder held by the other, which, of course,
rendered its initial and muzzle velocity as
well as its general trajective speed only

well as its general trajective speed only half as great. Well, Jink would fire with these two cartridges at a target 200 feet away. He'd fire the half-charged one first, the other one following in an all but

inappreciable space of time afterward. The full-charged ball would catch the half-charged one midway between Jink and the

charged one midway between Jink and the target, and drive it to the target. Standing just halfway between Jink and the target we could hear the click of the two balls when the full-charged one overtook the half-charged one, and they came together. It was a nice calculation on Jink's part, sure enough, but nicety of calculation was Jink's

strong graft."
The New York man straightened himself

in his chair and attempted to fix the huge man from the Southwest with a hard,

man from the Southwest with a hard, hypnotic gaze.

"What," he inquired hoarsely, "ever became of this Jink McAtee?"

"Oh, he went over the Big Divide while experimenting at his favorite amusement, poor devil," replied the vast Arizona man with a deep sigh of commiseration. "Jink invented a double-ended carridge, you see not for commercial use, but simply for his own diversion—and in the end it was his undoing.

was his undoing.
This double-ended cartridge, as

which he had cleverly constructed of the straws from his glass.

fore "Suns" Are Actually Read

THE FIRST RULE OF SUCCESS

SMITHERS AND HIS PAL TAKE AD. VANTAGE OF THE UNEXPECTED.

Lucky Discovery of Conspirators About to Escape With Proceeds of a Credit Fraud Speedy Transfer of One Set of Rogues to the Hiding Place of Another

From the Notebook of Gentleman George. It is not a pleasant sensation, I tell you, when one is a runaway convict concealed to the heart of a crate of jumpers and overthe which is loaded on a truck and passing through the streets, to hear the prison whistle sound an alarm. Every instant I espected to feel the wagon stop and turn and go back, while we waited our sure fate helpless as rats in a trap being taken to a pond. I must have shivered with apprehension despite the stifling heat, for smithers put his lips to my ear and thus

I was unly narvous, Jarge," he said. lest the alarm should blow afore we left the yard, in which ewent they'd close the gates agin' all out-goers. There's no reason why old Peter should be on to us now anny more than whin we started; and it's his natur' to deliver these goods, if Gabreel's harn itself was a tootin'. Besides, I fixed up siveral jobs to keep thim a-guessin' and divart suspicion. I tuk the kiver off that old dreen; I t'rew a rope with a stun en the ind over the wall. They'll be too busy at fust with the obv'us, b'lieve me, to tink of the truck, and afore they do, if iver, we'll have jined the ranks of the free and unketched.

"What, in these stripes?" I whispered hack.

"We must take the goods the Gods have provided," replied Smithers, "the jumpers."

hope, restrained me.

She must have been listenin' on the She m why old Peter should be on to us now

pervided," replied Smithers, "the jumpers and overalls, to wit, which is our prisint refuge. Onct out of these clothes, which make our callin' and electun so dum sure, we kin reach gintility all right, by a sort of 'rithmatical progressun. I've got some dough, you know, but it wudn't do to make straight break from blue jeans to fash'nabie raimint. We'll git some third handers at a slop house, where the mazooma means quistuns ast; and thin by tradin' thim off for left-overs at a pawnbroker's, givin' somethin' to boot av course, we may be shie to face a ready-mader without hevin' the bull perlice force called out." "And meanwhile we must roast and starve in this hole," I groaned.

We must be prepared to take advantage of the unexpicted," answered Smithers, "which is the fust of my secrit rules of succiss, and far ahead of the tintative speculatun I've jest indulged in for your comfort. The chances are that we'll be stored away in some warehus', and that arter it's locked for the night, we kin git out and reconniter But lay clus' and hang on, Jarge; I t'ink we've kem to our

Lie close and hang on indeed. I cannot imagine a more horrible experience than that which ensued. The truck stopped, and after the awful suspense of delay. filled with shoutings back and forth and men running hither and thither, our bale was pitched off and down upon the ground. Then over and over, heels on high and and the ar of a fall, we were rolled into a building, in the close malodorous blackness, gaining a momentary relief from an elevator ride, only to have the dizzy, sickening gyrations return and renew, until the bulky, banging-thing bumped and rocked into stability in its proper storage place, wherever that might be. The only other historical personage, I believe who endured a similar journey, was Cleopatra; and if she emerged before Imperial Casar in anything like our condition, he must have had little difficulty summoning his Roman firmness

"My God. I'll die, if we don't get some sir." I monned

"That won't be all you'll git, d'rictly if

By a powerful exertion of the will I managed to bring myself out of the endless space in which I was whirling to hear and interpret certain sounds within six inches our unsuspected noses. Yes, there could be no doubt of it, some one was taking out the bundles from the other crate, and to judge from his quick, springy steps, s- he carried them to the shelves, that some one was a young man. At the rate he was going, he would soon be ready for our crate, and then-

Brace yourself for a free-for-all dash, counselled Smithers. "The flag's about to

But, buckily for us, there were other steps up the stairs, and along the floor. and a girl's voice said, pleadingly: "Well, Aaron, you read my note: what will you do?" Why, the proper thing, of course," replied the young man, crustily; "only I can't are head over ears with important business To-morrow I promise you, we'll get spliced;

and then will come the grand act of con-

fession, forgiveness and being happy for-"Oh, Aaron," murmured Marian, "You are so good, so true, after all; forgive me, dear, won't you, for being impatient, and suspicious? I am so young and fearful the world seemed so

"Oh. I know. I understand," said the other impatiently; "it will be all right, I But now go, that's a good girl; here comes the old man up the elevator. And then, after a light patter of disappearing feet, he muttered, "Yes, go, and good riddance with you. To-morrow, thank the Lord. I'll be done with you and all my

'There's goin' to be doin's sure," reflected Smithers, excitedly. "That cove's a geezer if there iver was wan, givin' a pore girl sech a larry and at the same time perparrin' to t'row her down hard; and the chances are that his old man is the odder Jack that makes the pair. At all ewents, I'll investigate;" and he pulled away enough of the pieces on one side to make a little seephole, just as the sound of a bluff voice adjusted that Aaron's father had arrived

on the scene. "Well, my sen," began the newcomer, in tich, redolent tones which would have ensured his success in my profession, so you are willing to follow your poor old out into the cold world, are you? seped, God knows, to found a business should continue my name and fame the third and fourth generations, was not to be. The awful greed intercialism, the coldness of friends, Such, then, is life; here to-day,

pat have you got the corn?"
The change in the man was extraordinary; at have you got the assextraordinary; and fairly discern the glitter in his eye in the crispness of his voice. "Trust he answered, with a slap of the chest. A Number I drafts and bills of exchange, are a year's living in bills. Why, there it he ass much left for the creditors, for, as you could sweep up in that dustso don't fuss any more with those a goods over there. I've arranged bling, the tickets, the disguises, the age, the newspaper notices that I have called away to a church conference

We'll have a good ten days' start, and in that time I'd engage to lose the devil, tail and all.

"Oh, they thought they would be mighty elever and do me, did they? Well, just wait until they see who laughs last. Why, there hasn't been such a round-up in the trade for years; buying on credit, selling for cash, and not leaving so much as a pin's head behind. But we've got to be careful; these are solemn times. One slip and the whole shooting match would be over on us like a thousand of bricks.

"Now, this is what you've got to do. The clothes, the disguises, you know, are still in the house; pack them up and bring them here. It will be safer for us to remain after hours; we can fix ourselves up in this room, and get out without being noticed in time for the midnight train. And don't forget razors, soap and brushes, Aaron. We'd better make a clean shave of ourselves as well as everything else."

"Lard, that old man's a torobred," exclaimed Smithers, after the two had departed. "I didn't s'pose there was annything so smooth at large and not on the turf, rally, I didn't. And now, Jarge, don't you see how the unexpicted lays a way open to succiss; and aren't you contint to consume wind puddin's in pat'ence, with sech a prospict afore you?"

"But, I don't see," I began, when the sound of weeping, low pitiful, without hope, restrained me.

"She must have been listenin' on the stairs, pore soul," explained Smithers, after a little, "and have heard it all; and

merely looked up at him, with eyes the rounder and the blacker for her white drawn face.

"Av coorse, appearances is agin me, miss," began Smithers, "but I means you no harm. I ain't a sayin' that me and my pardner in the crate over there didn't make a sneak, the marn, from the pig; but what thin? There's wuss that's niver been in, I thinkin', than iver kem out; and proof there was of the sayin', in this wery apartmint, not a half hour since, as you know to your sorrer. But it's the sunshine, remember, that dries up the rain; and so I says to you from the heart, kin I help you? Do you be a wantin' of him back agin, or wudn't it be better for you, sence the hull business had gone to smash, and he's no good anny way, to find your peace o' mind t'roo quietly forgittun of him."

"No, no; I will die without him, ' cried the girl passionately, 'he isn't so bad naturally; 'he isn't so bad nat "No, no: I will die without him," cried the girl passionately, 'he isn't so bad naturally: it's his father who has influenced and ruined him. Oh, the best thing that could happen would be for that old wretch to be caught and punished. Then Aaron and I might make a fresh start together. What do I care for poverty? Why, I would bless it with him; it's money that has been my

worst enemy."

"Yis, I s'pose this Aaron of yours is nothin more'n a 'cessory arter the fack, which don't count nowadays," reflected Smithers. "Well, thin, seein' them's your sintimints, how wad it be for you to warn the scillings they're about to skip?"

the criditors they're about to skip?"

'I had thought of that, admitted Marian, "but it wouldn't do. They live out of town, and even if I could reach them in time, they would want to use my evi-dence, and thus Aaron would know that I had betrayed him."

had betrayed him."
"Then, there's only wan way out of it,"
said Smithers, decisively, "and it's not us
that minds a bit of additunal resk in the
cause of virtoo, it brings luck, you know.
You must notify the perlice, t'roo a note
or some trusty missenger, about tin, the
night, that the two escaped convicts are

or some trusty missenger, about tin, the night, that the two escaped convicts are hid in a crate in this loft.

"Why, they would have gone by that time, and you would be caught."

"Wud they go if we had got away with their dough?"

"But even so; they have a right to be in their own warehouse. They would be recognized at once."

"What, when clean shaved?"

"Well, they could readily establish their identity."

wen, hey didentity."

"Cud they; if they was wearin' our convict suits and were hid in that crate?"

"Oh, but they wouldn't stay hid there."

"Wouldn't they; if we had bound down

"Oh, I see," cried Marian, "you're going to rob them and force them to take your place. It is wrong, it is awful, for me to have anything to do with such wickedness. But still, the old man deserves it, and if I should harven by after they were arrested. But still, the old man deserves it, and if I should happen by after they were arrested and recognize Aaron, despite his changed appearance and dress, why he might be grateful. There is no other way; they are all ready to go: I should never see his face again. Yes, yes; I will, I will; but oh, you promise me, you won't hurt him."

"No more'n a nussin' babby, Miss," said Smithers; and then the girl hastened away, and he rejoined me to elaborate his remarkable plans.

The day dragged on: the gloom de-

and he rejoined me to elaborate his remarkable plans.

The day dragged on; the gloom descended. We heard the rush down the stairs of the hands going home; we heard the plod of the porter as he closed the shutters and locked up for the night. It was hard waiting in the darkness, parched, famished, all on fire to do something, to get away, to realize that freedom which had as yet been but a more intolerable captivity. I was just about to insist on abandoning our scheme, as nothing more than the figment of imaginations, overwrought by excitement and hardship, when there was a glimmer of light, the buzz of voices, and father and son came into the room.

They were in high spirits over the facility with which their enterprise was progression and eager to be on their journey.

ity with which their enterprise was pro-gressing, and eager to be on their journey. Having lighted the gas in a corner of the loft, which had been arranged as a dressingroom, Aaron produced the disguises, quaint garments of good material but foreign fashion, and well adapted to conceal fa-miliar lines through their loose coats and low-fitting caps. Each made a selection,

miliar lines through their loose coats and low-fitting caps. Each made a selection, then they laid off their business suits and proceeded to shave before the two mirrors, performing a brother-act in quick time. The change, thus produced, was marked; for Aaron had worn a long mustache, and his father had been bearded. It would, indeed, need Marian's eye of love to establish their identity.

The moment had come. They were holding up their new garments to the light, when, as noiseless as panthers, we crept near in the favoring gloom of the outer room. Smithers throttled the old man, portly and short-breathed, and forced him into a chair. I knocked down Aaron with one well-directed blow. In another instant we were over them brandishing the razors.

I think Smithers struck twelve at this I think Smithers struck twelve at this particular juncture; he was terrific, he was superb. Dancing around the astounded, half-stunned men, flashing the deadly blade in their faces, threatening, berating in the jargon of two worlds, denouncing their crimes, explaining their helpless condition, there never was such a rednosed besom of destruction as he. We so reduced those men through fear into mere humps of protoplasm that they arrayed themselves in our convict clothes as we tore them off, and then marched silently over and into our crate, leaving on my mind, as we closed the cover and bound it down securely, a lasting impression of two lifesized views of utter and abject misery. As Smithers well remarked. An amatoor in crime allus gits left."

"I t'ink, we'd better git inside of thim Dutch disguises," suggested Smithers.

"I t'ink, we'd better git inside of thim Dutch disguises," suggested Smithers. "We want thim out of the way, you know, and though it wudn't do to sport thim long, they'll come in handy about the sicond stage of that rithmatical progressun I tintatively spiculated about."

I looked anxiously at Aaron's father's business coat, hanging on the wall.

"That's all right, Jarge." said Smithers reassuringly. "It was me fust t'ought arter I put the old man out;" and he produced a wallet of generous size. Gree Liore we

a wallet of generous size. Once faore we felt the tingle of pleasure and power in every voin, as we stole down the stairs every vein, as we stole down the stairs and out of the building unnoticed! "And now ho, for the Far Wist," whis-pered Smithers; "and ho, for Peg-leg Jim-mic's lost mine."

Events in Society and Other Matters of Interest to Women are more fully and intelligently handled by Tan Sun and Eventra Sun than by other daily mediums. - Ada.

GREAT SHOT WAS JINK M'ATER

REMARKABLE PEATS OF A REAL ARIZONA WONDER.

t in the Dark as Well as in Daylight
—Shot Whizzing Around on Roller
Skates Better—But Doing Stunts With
Double-Ender Cartridges Finished Illim.

"Now, I s'pose," remarked the huge man from Arizona, "that they think that's some shooting?"

He wagged his head deprecatingly as he turned about in his seat to look into the eye of his friend and guide, the New Yorker. They were at a vaudeville show, and a pair of young women in warm-looking buckskin waists and short skirts were executing "Yankee Doodle" by firing with

target pistols at an upright xylophone.
"Well," replied the New York man, as the curtain descended on the performance and the two set sail for a place where there was a table in an alcove and a button to push, "I wouldn't care to have either one of those girls swear vendetta against me and round me up in a blind alley or corral me in a gorge of the Grand Cafion."

"Call that shooting, hey?" sniffed the vast Southwesterner, drawing up his chair and pushing the alcove button with the ferule of his stick. Why, Jink McAtee could ha' done every one of those tricks throwing seven-pound cobblestones at a hundred yards, with both hands tied behind his back." "Jink," remarked the New York man,

must have been a bird." "He was all of that," sententiously replied the mammoth man from Arizona. There never was a man in the Southwest that could shoot alongside of Jink McAtec enough to keep Jink warm. Funny thing about Jink, too, was that he was about the most peaceable man in the territory at a time when old Arizone was a heap on the seethe. Lived in Tombstone, Jini did, when Tombstone sure was the finest place that you ever saw for a man that valued his hide to walk sidewise in, and yet Jink never had any trouble. Minded his own business. Jink kept the New York general store in Tombstone when she was on the boom-and let the others be as bad as they wanted to be.

"Of course, Jink had all the best of it, and was let alone by all hands, on account of his powerful reputation as a shootist When Jink first dropped along into Tomb-stone to open up his store business, he knew that there were about ten chances to one-Jink being a sawed-off, mild-mannered chap—that the boys 'ud be picking on him and tryin' him out if he didn't do something to show 'em that in case of a mix he was liable to be there or thereabouts.

"First Sunday afternoon Jink was strolled out to the edge of the camp, where a lot of boys were sitting around in the shade of their shacks drinking whiskey and observing the Sabbath in a quiet manner. Jink pulled out of his pocket a two-by-two sheet of yellow tissue paper, spread it out, and tacked it on to the ground with stakes. The boys figured that Jink was bughouse, and they gathered around him to have some fun with him. Jink didn't pay any attention to them, but yanked out one of his guns. He sniffed a bit at the air to ascertain the exact force of the moderate breeze that was blowing, and then he pointed his gun straight up at the

"That made the gang laugh so that they were just about to do a maypole dance around Jink when Jink fired at the zenith. As soon as he had fired Jink lowered his gun and began to count—'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—zipp!' Just on the stroke of ten, the builet that Jink had fired at the heavens dropped right into the centre of the two-by-two sheet of tissue paper that Jink had staked

out on the ground.

"Well, you ought to've seen the eyes
of those boys widen. Jink cracked a sort
of a slow grin, raised his gun over his head,
sighted it carefully, an fired again. Again stroke of ten, the bullet made its return to earth. It dropped with a little thud right into the little hole in the tissue paper that Jink's first bullet had made. Then Jink that Jink's first bullet had made. Then Jink fired the other four cartridges in quick succession at that invisible pin point in the sky that he was aiming at and just ten seconds from the instant the first shot was fired the balls clattered back, every one of the four falling right smack into the hole in the piece of tissue paper that had been made by the first bullet!"

"Jink," put in the New York man, "must have been a reach all right."

have been a peach all right."

"Of course, that stunt made a hit with
the boys," went on the gigantic Southwesterner, ignoring the New Yorker's
remark. "A couple of 'em thought there
might have been some sort of a trick about
it But no when they took the stakes

might have been some sort of a trick about it. But, no, when they took the stakes out of the piece of tissue paper and picked it up, there were the six bullets piled on top of each other in a little heap.

Well, that little job made the way all clear for Jink. He opened up his plant the following week, and, the word having got around of what a sure-enough shootist Jink was, he was soon doing half the general store and outfitting business of Tombstone. Made money hand over fist. But he didn't care to spend it like the rest of the gang. Whiskey didn't agree with him and he didn't care anything about poker. the gang. Whiskey didn't agree with him and be didn't care anything about poker. Fact is, about the only thing Jink did care much about was practicing with his gun, and we couldn't blame him much, seeing

hat a marvel he was at gun work.

"Jink was, beyond a doubt, a—

"You bet he was," interrupted the Ari-Tou bet he was, interrupted the An-zona giant, expansively, as he rattled the ice against the sides of his tall glass with the spoon. "Jink had one style of shooting—that is, of shooting in the dark that you never see up this way at all. There never was a marksman who could find his aim in the dark like Jink.

ind his aim in the dark like Junk.

"Jink discovered his proficiency in this respect in a peculiar manner, he told me. He was sleeping on the edge of the Mojave Desert one night, it seems, when, suddenly awakening, he heard the ominous rattle of one of those venomous sand rathernakes some distance away from where lesnakes some distance away from where he'd laid his head on his saddle. He picked up one of the guns that lay alongside of him, waited for the rattle to sound again, him, waited for the rattle to sound again, located the sound carefully by listening acutely, and blazed away in the blackness—for it was darker'n pitch. He listened awhile for a renewal of the rattler's warningful sound, but it didn't come and so he turned over and fell asleep again. and so he turned over and fell asleep again.

"Next morning he found a huge rattler with its head shot off just seventy-two feet from the point where he had rested with his head on his saddle. He was afraid that this shot might have been simply accidental, and so he tested himself. He discovered that he could shoot just as well in the dark, locating the object of his aim simply by hearing. He had remarkably acute ears, had Jink. As a matter of fact, his eyes were none of the remarkably acute ears, had Jink. As a matter of fact, his eyes were none of the best, and his ears guided his gun hand uncerningly. When he first told us about this scheme of his of shooting in the dark, some of us were a bit incredulous, and so Jink undertook to prove the thing to us.

"We caught fifteen of those big mes-"We caught fifteen of those big mesquite katydids that we have down in old Arizone—they make about five times as big a noise as the katydids you have up this way—and we glued their legs in a circle about a foot in diameter to a piece of paper. This we tacked to the wall of the long 'dobe back of Jink's plant, which he used for a storeroom. It was pretty dark in that 'dobe storeroom even with the one door open, but when the door was the one door open, but when the door was closed it was blacker'n the middle of Africa

"The katydids chirped away for dear life as they tried to release their long legs from the glue which held them to the piece

the door after him. The storeroom was just fifty-four feet in length. We waited outside for the sound of the shots. Jink waited for the katydid chorus to quiet down some before beginning shooting. When the katydids dropped their complaining and only let out their alarms one by one, Jink started in. When we took the piece of paper into the light, by the horns of the Glia, each and every one of them fifteen katydids glued in a circle had been squnched through the paper into the wall by Jink's fifteen bullets!" There can be no manner of doubt in AWAKENING OF SCHENECTADY

THE OLD DUTCH TOWN HAD SLEPT FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY.

Its Inhabitants Think It Was a Lucky Strike That Drove General Electric Out of New York Prosperity Laid to Freedem From Labor Union Dictation

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Sept. 6 - Electricity has accomplished many wonderful leats, but perhaps none more marvellous than the awakening of this old Dutch town from a sleep that lasted many years more than Rip Van Winkle's famous nap.
When the Edison General Electric Com-

pany was driven out of New York city fifteen years ago by incessant labor troubles and planted its standard here, Schenectady had slumbered through the century and no one in or out of it save a few shrewd business men and real estate dealers ever dreamed that it would wake up. Grass actually grew in State street, the main business thoroughfare, and all through the busy Mohawk Valley Schenectady was derisively dubbed the "Finished City "

string shooting, too. Never heard of string shooting? Huh! That's odd! We all take a try at it once or twice in our lives, but it's mighty dangerous work, and Jink was the only man that I ever met up with to whom it was nothing but child's play.

"Never will forget how surprised we were when we saw Jink perform his first string shot. He rigged up one of his guns so that a good gust o' wind would almost ha' let her off, and then he fastened a piece of ordinary twine to the trigger. Then, with the gun resting on its side on the palm of his left hand he put one ball in her, cocked her and was ready. He told us that he was going to try to hit the middle leaf of a cactus plant that stood beside the trail about 350 feet from where Jink stood.

Well, he gave us time to dodge out of range behind our 'dobes, and then he very gently tossed the gun, which he still held on the palm of his left hand, into the air. The string attached to the trigger he held in his right hand. When the gun had struck just the position in the air that Jink wanted he jerked the string in his right hand, and bang' off she went! We raced down to the cactus and there, sure enough, we found that Jink's string-shot ball had gone right through the middle of the middle leaf that he had tried for.

"That was about as swell a string shot as was ever fired down my way, and even Jink himself—and he was a modest man—couldn't hold in a little flush of pride over the achievement. You see, it was no slouch of a job to seize upon just precisely the It was chiefly celebrated as the seat of Union College, over which the revered Dr Nott reigned for more than sixty years, and although it had been chartered as a city more than a century ago, its population in 1880 was but a trifle over 13,000. It was essentially a college town and Union's influence was uppermost in practically still dwelt in houses which their ancestors built of bricks brought from Holland, and the city directory was largely given up to names beginning in V.

But all this was changed by the potent spell of electricity. Schenectady is to-day one of the most prosperous as well as one of the fastest growing cities in the United States. Its inhabitants are experiencing gun was just in proper position in the air to pull the string-rigged trigger, and Jink justly regarded 350 feet as a pretty fair range for successful shooting of that charall the excitement and all the annoyances of a high-class boom. The population, including the immediate suburbs, has jumped to 40,000 and the end is not in sight. The demand for houses is so brisk that every inch of available space is rented at figures which make the old inhabitants

range for successful shooting of that character."

"Well," the New York man started to say, "if Jink wasn't—"

"But he was "interrupted the Arizona giant. "You bet he was. Well, Jink showed up one afternoon with a queer pair of things strapped to his feet the like of which we'd never seen before. They were roller skates, which were just coming in about that time. Jink had heard of 'em and he sent back East here for a pair.

"We couldn't make out what the dickens Jink wanted to fool away his time with such effete things as roller skates for, but he only grinned when we asked him about it, and said that he'd show us after a while. Well, he did show us all right. He prac-There is actually not a "To Let" sign displayed anywhere in the city, and the supply of houses, in spite of the extensive building operations that have been going on for a decade, is still 3,000 behind the demand. Thousands of men who work here are forced to live in Troy, Albany, Cohoes, Amsterdam and other neighboring places, and many go to the extreme of paying rent for a house from the day the first shovelful of earth is dug out for the foundation. This is the only way a prior claim can be established over the horde of applicants who are sure to turn up when the house is finished.

large tracts of college property and of farm land which was of practically no value at all a few years ago have been bought at fancy figures by realty companies who are spending great sums to develop them. More than \$1,000 a foot front has been paid

When he got it down as the as this he invited us to take a stroll outside the camp, as he was going to try a bit of shooting on roller skates. We went along, thinkin that Jink would probably startle us with some feats of shooting while in full career on the roller skates, but we never figured that mortal man could pull off the job of shooting that he accomplished that afterare spending great sums to develop them. More than \$1,000 a foot front has been paid recently for building sites in State street, and one piece of property for which the owner paid \$1,800 many years ago was sold this summer for \$57,000.

Old graduates of Union, returning for the annual festivities at commencement time, are stunned at the changes in the town. Few of the old landmarks, save the college itself, are left, and everywhere the cobblestone pavement of other days has given place to asphalt and vitrified brick. For pavement alone the city has spent more than a quarter of a million of dollars in the last six years, and the work is to be continued until there isn't a cobblestone left. The town is now the centre of a vast trolley system, the lines of which, besides offering ample facilities to the employees of the big manufacturing plants, either extend or are being extended to Albany, Amsterdam, Ballston, Saratoga and even as far north as Glens Falls.

In the light of all these facts the Schenectadians say it was a lucky strike that drove the Edison company, now the General Electric Company, out of New York. At shooting that he accomplished that afternoon.

"Jink fixed four bell targets at the four
points of the compass equi-distant, and with
about a hundred feet separating 'em. Right
in the middle of the space formed by these
planted targets Jink set up a small wooden
platform, about two feet wide. Then he
stuck six guns into his belt, strapped on
his roller skates, stepped up on the platform and requested us to duck behind a
nearby 'dobe for a minute or so while he
gave us some bell music. Said he was the
only original and sure-enough bell ringer.

"And that's what he was. Jink started
to whirl on the front wheels of his roller
skates, and in about half a minute he was
going around so fast that he looked like
the governor of a rotary engine. Then
bang! bang! bang! went Jink's guns, and
ting' ting! ting! went the bells, of those
targets! Darned if it didn't sound like
leighbell music, and it made some of us
fellows from the North feel mighty lonesome for a taste of the snowy Northern
winter. Whirling around like a top, making
something like 250 revolutions to the min-

the Edison company, now the General Electric Company, out of New York. At that time the concern was of insignificant proportions, employing less than 500 hands. Two buildings that were erected for a new

proportions, employing less than 500 hands. Two buildings that were erected for a new locomotive manufacturing plant on the flats south of Schenectady proper were idle and they were offered to the Edison people at half cost, the merchants of the city subscribing part of the money.

The growth of the plant was almost miraculous. The erection of new shops has gone on without interruption for fifteen years and the prospect is that it will continue for fifteen years more. The plant has increased from two to more than 100 shops some of them of enormous dimensions, and the number of workmen has swelled from 500 to 7,500, with a weekly payroll, exclusive of the office force, which is a small army in itself, of close to \$100,000.

Farm after farm has been absorbed by the company, until now its gigantic plant extends far away toward the peaceful hills of Rotterdam. Workmen are ful hills of Rotterdam. Workmen are there from all parts of the habitable globe, some of them being sent to study the secrets of electricity by their Governments. Col-lege graduates by the hundreds, from Yale and Harvard and the big polytechnic Yale and Harvard and the big polytechnio schools, are scattered through the shops tolling like the every-day workingman to learn the practical side of electrical engineering. Some of them become inventors of skill and draw large royalties from their patents. Others are sent all over the world by the company to instal the intricate machinery manufactured at Schenectady.

Preparations pever cease As soon as

the intricate machinery manufactured at Schenectady.

Operations never cease. As soon as the day force lays down its tools the night force marches in to take its place. Electric power for the plant is transmitted from Mechanicsville, miles away, where there is a dam across the Hudson River. Contentment and prosperity are the characteristic marks of the employees.

But it is not to the General Electric Company alone that Schenectady owes its tremendous growth and prosperity. Coincident with the rise of that concern has come the enlargement of the Ellis Locomotive Works, which was recently sold to the locomotive trust for something like \$0.00,000, although its capital stock was only \$180,000. It was a small concern, indeed, when John Ellis took hold of it fifty years ago, but its growth had been of a most substantial order. Its present capacity is 400 locomotives a year, but it is grid that the trust will soon run it up. capacity is 400 locomotives a year, but it is said that the trust will soon run it up to 1,000, thus closely pressing Baldwin for the first place in locomotive building on this continent. It has been made the headquarters of the trust and already

contracts have been given for large additions to the plant. The present force of workmen numbers about 3,500 hands. Double that number may find employ ment there in the next five years.

The remarkable prosperity come after so many years to Schenect-ady is attributed by the wise men of the town almost wholly to its singular free-dom from strikes and union labor dictadom from strikes and union labor dicta-tion. Its workingmen have always been classed among the most substantial citi-zens, conservative, law-abiding men, who own their homes and in many cases send their sons to Union College. All of the great labor agitations of the past fifty years have passed over Schenectady, leav-ing it untouched, not because there are not labor unions here, but because the men in them are not easily influenced by the cheap rant of demagogues and profes-sional agitators.

"This double-ended cartridge, as the name of it of course signifies, could be exploded from either end. Jink invented the thing because there was nothing left that he couldn't hit by direct firing, and so he wanted to try himself on rebound firing. He would fire one of these double-ended cartridges at a steel target. When the double-ended ball 'ud hit the steel target, the unfired end would of course explode, and the ball 'ud come sailing back at a target that Jink had fixed close to the point from which he did the firing.

"He got so he could ring up a quarter-inch bullseye every time on the rebound of one of these double-ended bullets, but one day he essayed the job of knocking a short clay pipe out of his own mouth with one of the double-enders. He was a bit nervous that morning, probably, for when the hall came back from the steel target it caught Jink in the temple and in he cashed, then and there

"Jink's was a sad, sad story 'said the New York man with a sigh as he handed over the table to the Arizona giant a lyre which he had cleverly constructed out of the strews from his class. sional agitators.
A splendid instance of this was given when the recent machinists' strike was started. The chief demand was for a started. The chief demand was for a nine-hour work day with ten hours' pay. The machinists of Schenectady, of whom there is a vast number, were already work-ing on a schedule of fifty-five hours a week, or one hour more than was demanded, but the managers of the great plants in which they were employed had no difficulty in inducing them to continue on the old scale when they pointed out what a great inconvenience a change would make. Another thing that told against strike arguments was the fact that so many of the machinists were piece workers, to than any other paper published. Remem-ber this when you have something of real value to advertise. -Ade.

Ormonson

In accordance with my usual custom, I have again designed a new and beautiful confure for this Fall and Winter season. The LOYER'S KNOT

is an entirely new arrangement of the low hair dress for the back of the head. It must be seen to be appreciand you are cordially invited to call and examine it.

The Lover's Knot may be worn very effectively with my MARIE ANTOINETTE, which is an unequalled coffure for the front hair. HAIR ORNAMENTS

My assortment this year is larger and more varied and beautiful than ever before, and by far the largest in the country. Latest novelties just received, HAIR DRESSING AND HAIR COLORING. French undulation, shamoing, etc., expertly done. All utensils antiseptically treated.

EVERYTHING FOR THE HAIR.

No Agents.

whom shorter hours would be a great dis- COMPRESSED AIR IN MINING. Nevertheless there are few towns in New Nevertheless there are few towns in New York State to-day in which unionism has a firmer footing. All the trades are strongly organized and the prosperity of the town has caused agitators from many parts to look upon it with longing eyes. The newer element takes more kindly than the old to the doctrines promulgated by the agitators, and occasionally some of the unions show signs of a desire to assert their power. This usually takes the form of denunciation by one or another of the building trades

This usually takes the form of denunciation by one or another of the building trades of employers of non-union labor and an effort to put a ban on their business.

But these manifestations are ephemeral and do not in any respect represent the sentiments of the unions as a whole. The toilers seem to regard good wages and steady work as far more desirable than strikes and the misery which always follows in their train. in their train.

FARMING 1.000 ACRES OF SALT. An Odd Colorado Industry at Which Men Work in a Temperature of 140.

One of the most curious pieces of real estate in existence is now the subject of a suit brought by the Government to recover the property. It is a salt farm; 1,000 acres of solid salt, which is ploughed and hoed and hilled up like so much earth. It lies in a depression, 24 feet below the level of the sea, in the middle of the great Colorado Desert, just north of the Mexican line in the State of California, and the town which has grown up on its border takes its name. Salton, from the crystal deposit. For many years sait has been taken from this district, but on a small scale. In 1892 a temporary stoppage was put to the local industry by the overflow of the Colorado River, forming what was known as the Salton Sea. In time the water receded, evaporation followed and there was left a residuum of almost pure crystal salt, a vista of unimaginable and almost unbearable brilliance and beauty.

From a distance the effect was that of a sheet of the purest snow, glittering in the sunlight; but when the first explorers ventured upon the newly formed crust they a suit brought by the Government to re-

sunlight; but when the first explorers ven-tured upon the newly formed crust they were unable to endure for long the fierce refraction of the light and fled blindly, with aching eyeballs, from that insuffer-able radiance. Equipped with colored glasses, they returned, and soon a com-pany was working the richest salt crystal field in existence.

All that was necessary was to plough out the salt and grind it up. A salt plough was devised and built. It has four wheels and a heavy and powerful steel beak, or breaker, and the motive power is steam. Then a grinding mill and drying plant were put up, a dummy line run up to connect with the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the work of taking out five and a half tons daily at from \$6 to \$35 a ton began.

The great difficulty, however, was to get labor. Probably nowhere else on the earth's surface do men work under such terrific conditions of temperature as at the Salton salt farm. The normal heat of the Colorado Desert, is such that few white men can live in that region, and is enormously increased by the refracted and reflected rays of the sun. For weeks at a time the temperature of the field reaches 140 degrees every day.

every day.
Under these conditions, of course, no white Under these conditions, of course, to white man can work. The sait ploughing is done by Japanese and Indians, mainly the latter, who seem to endure the rigors of the climate without evil effects. To watch the steady, stole performance of the red-skinned toiler as he hose, shovels and scrapes the field, or operates the engine that propels the plough, is to appreciate the qualities of the Indian as a worker under the most trying con-ditions. In addition to the other discomforts as a worker under the most trying conditions. In addition to the other discomforts of the salt fields the flying particles generate a peculiarly irritating and persistent thirst. The workers drink great quantities of water, and this serves as a safeguard against sunstroke, as it keeps them perspiring freely. The deposit of salt varies in thickness from one to eight inches. It forms in a crust, and the plough breaks this salt covering by throwing a broad but shallow furrow of salt lumps up in parallel ridges on either side of the machine. Here and there underlying the crystal plain are springs of water. When the crust is broken the springs seep forth their dirty, brackish water, and the Indian lads follow the plough with hoe in hand, knecking to and fro the clumps of salt and mud in this water until the earth is dissolved and then the crystal salt is stacked in conical pyramids to await transportation to the mill. transportation to the mili

Last December the United States Land Office unearthed some records which seemed to indicate that the salt-farming company to indicate that the sait-farming company had no right or title to the valuable property it is now working. Owing to the peculiar geographical conditions consequent upon the overflow of the river forming the Salton Sea and the subsequent subsidence and disappearance of the sea, the legal points involved are intricate.

THREAT TO LEAVE ALABAMA. Only a Repetition of an Old One Never

Seriously Fulfilled in the South.

The colored citizens of Alabama look with no favorable eye upon their projected disfranchisement in that State by the action of the Constitutional Convention, and a convention of negro delegates has been called to meet in Birmingham on Sept. 26 to oppose, primarily, the ratification of the new Constitution by the voters of the State when submitted to them and, if successful in defeating it, to provide methods for promoting emigration from Alabama to other States in which the laws against suffrage are less discriminating than will be the case in Alabama if the new Constitution is adopted.

This exodus of colored inhabitants from one State to another, northward or westdisfranchisement in that State by the action

one State to another, northward or west-ward, has been threatened at regular in-tervals ever since the close of the recon-struction period, but it has never been important enough in practical results to carry out the expectations of those who advocated it. In 1870 the colored popula-tion of Georgia was 545 000 and the colored advocated it. In 1870 the colored population of Georgia was \$45,000 and the colored
population of Kansas was \$17,000. Georgia
was the Southern State in which "the white
element" earliest regained control of political affairs after the close of the Civil
War, and from Georgia was the first exodus of negroes to a State which had been
the pioneer in the abolition movement
in the West, and in which the scheme of
negro colonization found many warm
supporters. By 1880 the colored population of Georgia was 725,000 and that of
Kansas 43,000. In 1890 it was 49,000 only.
After 1880 a colored exodus from Mississippi was projected to Arkansas, but there sippi was projected to Arkansas, but there was no decline in the colored population in the former State and the political conditions offered to newcomers in Arkansas were not such as gave the colored immigrants any incitement to establish themselves in Arkan-sas. It is a fact, proved by each succeeding

New Process Invented to Save Gold Dust Although many fortunes have been made

from placer mining since gold was first discovered in the West, and while the Klondike grounds consist for the most part of placer fields, yet miners of the placer deposits in the past have failed to glean more than a comparatively small proportion of the yellow metal from their claims because of the primitive methods of working which hitherto they have followed. For several years gold mining experts have devoted themselves to the effort of evolving a more remunerative process of mining placer gold than has so far been employed and the losses which placer miners have met in the past are now likely to be obviated by a new appliance which has just been brought into commercial use for the extraction of gold

commercial use for the extraction of gold from placer mines.

Placer mining in its strict sense implies the working of shallow deposits, and is the most simple and most comprehensive form of gold mining. As a matter of fact, however, in the gold regions of the West, the term 'placer' is applied to deep deposits as well as to shallow diggings and now designates all kinds of mining outside of quartz lodes. Since the discovery of gold in California in 1848 there has been a gradual slow progress in the methods

of gold in California in 1848 there has been a gradual slow progress in the methods of placer mining.

The first apparatus adopted for the recovery of the gold was the wooden bowl, known by the Mexican name of "bates." For this presently Americans substituted the sheetiron "pan" which is still used by prospectors and speculative miners. The "rocker" took the place of the pan, and was in turn superseded by the "Long Tom." by means of which a larger amount of earth and gravel could be wasshed in a given time. Then came a system of hand sluices which prevailed until hydraulio power was employed.

By each of these succeeding methods it was found possible to work at a profit placer deposits which before had proved unremmerative. The hydraulic process had its beginning about the year 1852 when a miner near Nevada City made use of a hope about forty feet in length.

had its beginning about the year 1852 when a miner near Nevada City made use of a hose about forty feet in length by which the water was taken from the top of a bank to the bottom of his diggings. A nozzle was attached to the hose and directing a stream against the bank, as water is thrown upon a building by a fire engine, a small stream of water was found to do the work of hundreds of men in excavating the earth.

Many improvements have been made upon this earlier form of hydraulic power, and other appliances and inventions have been devised for the extraction of placer deposits. The newest process, differing from previous methods, has been introduced by John E Coleman of Spokane, Washington. After several years of study and experiment Mr. Coleman discovered that under certain conditions, by the aid of compressed air, water, running in a vacuum, could be made to carry with it a load of alluvial air, water, running in a vacuum, could be made to carry with it a load of alluvial sand and gravel. He found that using no power but that of atmospheric pressure after a vacuum had been created by could after a vacuum had been created he coun-carry gravel and sand in suspension through a tube on the siphon principle, and thus was enabled to save all the gold and plati-num contained in the deposits. In other was enabled to save all the gold and platinum contained in the deposits. In other
words, by handling the gold in suspension
Mr. Coleman overcame the atmospheric
pressure of fifteen pounds to the square
inch and by its specific gravity was able
to recover all of the gold visible to the eye.
A further process, comprising amalgamation, filtration and precipitation, saves
the invisible or float gold

A further process, comprising amalgamation, filtration and precipitation, saves the invisible or float gold.

Mr. Coleman's process is now being used upon several placer mines in the Western fields, and some interesting experiments were recently made with his machine at the platinum works of Baker & Co. In New-ark, N. J. The sweepings and dust of this factory are thrown upon the grounds in the rear of the building. A few days ago one of the chemists employed by the firm shovelled up sixty pounds of the dirt. From it with the aid of the Coleman process was recovered nearly \$16 worth of platinum, some of it finer than powdered sulphur. This last had left the building in vaporized form, blown from some parts of the works.

Mr. Coleman has had an interesting career. As a boy he ran barefooted in the streets of Boston. In 1886 he went West to Spokane, Washington, which was then the scene of important mining activity. Impressed with the crudeness of placer methods then in vogue he began experiments, which have now resulted in the "Coleman process." He now lives in this city and is the President of a company owning large mining properties in British Columbia.

THE EXPERT MOTORWAY. Sometimes Shaving Just a Little Bit Close, but a Wonder, All the Same.

"When the motorman runs over some body," said a man whose business keeps him all the time going about the city, with incidentally much riding on trolley cars, "we always hear of it; but we do not hear of the innumerable cases in which he avoids such catastrophes by the exercise of con-stant watch ulness, readiness and skill. As a matter of fact, the front platform

man on the trolley car is doing wonderful things all day long, and the more I see of him the more I admire him. "I set out the other day to cross Forty-"I set out the other day to cross Fortysecond street from the south side to the
north, moving diagonally toward the east.
As I stepped down from the sidewalk I
looked across the street toward the east
to see if there was a car coming west toward me, but I never looked in the other
direction at all to see if there was a car
coming up behind me from the west. The
most methodical of men will sometimes
do that. Seeing nothing coming from the
quarter toward which I was going, I stepped
out just where a big red trolley car was
approaching rapidly. I had done about
five steps on my way when I felt something touch very gently my left shoulder
and heard somebody saying:

"Aw, git outer the way!

"Looking up I saw the motorman on
the front platform of a red trolley car loking down at me smilingly, and saw that
it was his car that had come upon me and
hit me.

"If I had failed to look out for myself

"If I had failed to look out for myself "If I had failed to look out for myself there had been no such failure on the part of this motorman, but instead of whooping and yelling, or banging his gong at me, he, out of pure delight in the exercise of his absolute command over it, had tooled the heavy car down upon me so gently that he just barely touched me, and then stopped the car.

"He was a bird, this motorman, in his perfect control of power and brake. But there are plenty of motormen in the city just like that. They are stalwart, self-

census, that the only States in which the colored population is decreasing are those States in which the colored residents have equal political rights, and these States are Northern ones.